THE
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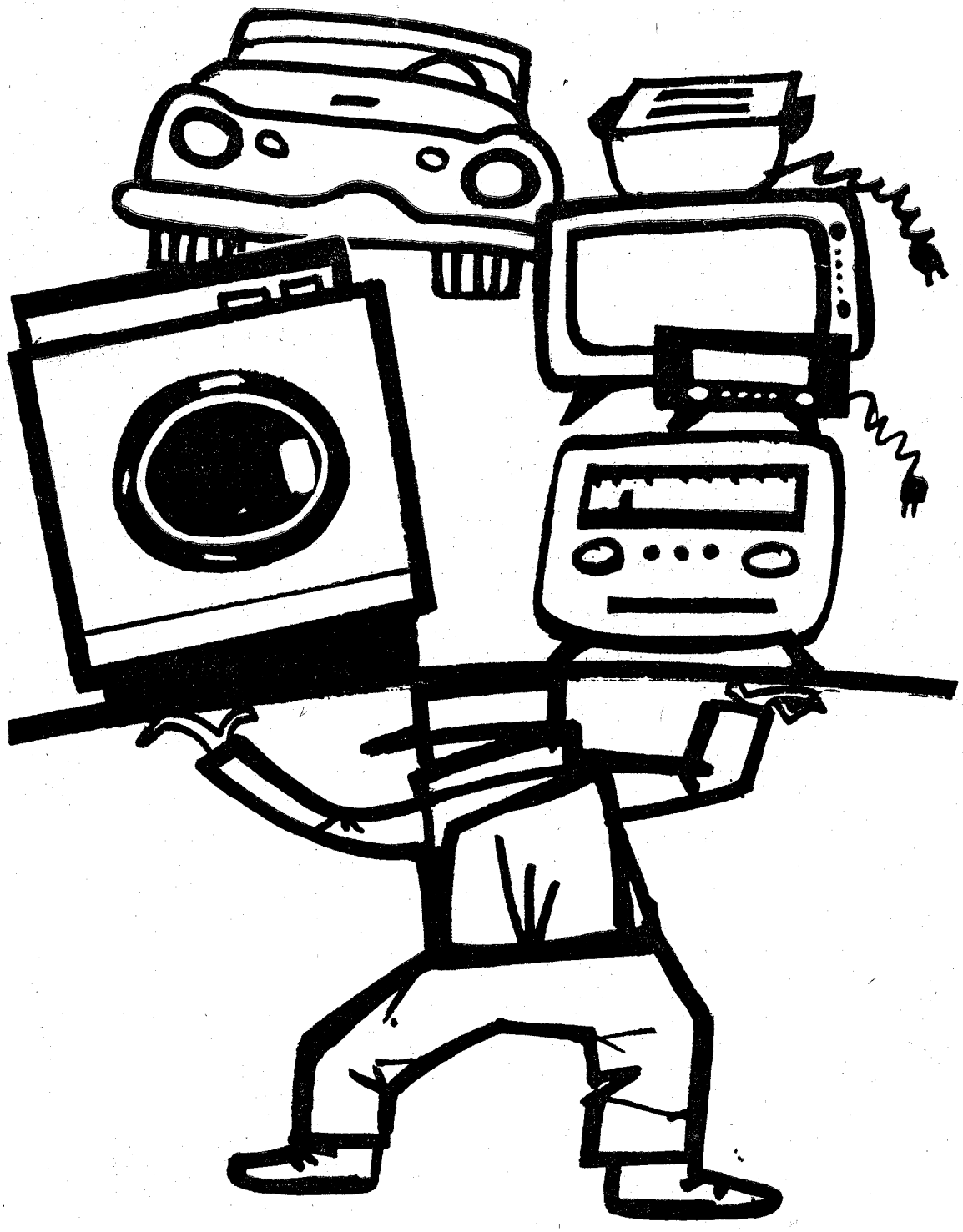

Myth of the Happy Worker . . *Harvey Swados*

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LETTERS

Reality of Evil

Dear Sirs: Canon Lloyd's provocative article, The Dilemma of Total Revolt, [*The Nation,* June 22] has great merit and the editors of *The Nation* are to be congratulated for bringing critical problems of contemporary religion to the fore in this and other recent issues of their publication.

But the explanation of the "Christian Social Movement's dead end" is not so neatly dismissed as Canon Lloyd suggests. It is due to more than semantics, more than hard-to-understand scientific sociology in the churches. . . .

As one modest reader of *The Nation* I wish to protest the author's statement that "there is no longer any obvious subject of denunciation" by the Christian conscience as in the early days of Maurice, Kingsley, Gore and Temple. There are none so blind as those who will not see. The pages of *The Nation* itself are a constant witness to the reality of evils, and doers of evil, which the Christian conscience could, if it would, denounce.

If Kingsley and company were here today I have no doubt they would name very specifically the men and groups of men who prevent "the will of God" or "the Christian conscience" from achieving victories: the U. S. State Department, the Atomic Energy Commission, the American-controlled international oil cartel, the American Medical Association's high command, the Southern Democratic Senators, the Congressional Committee on Un-American Activities, to name but a few.

STEPHEN H. FRITCHMAN
Minister, First Unitarian Church
Los Angeles, Calif.

Less Lucky than Trumbo

Dear Sirs: In his otherwise effective and impish piece on the blacklist and black market in Hollywood [*The Nation,* May 4], Dalton Trumbo allows his sense of personal gloating to run away with the realities. Although he makes serious reference to the bitter havoc that institutionalized blacklisting has caused in the lives of scores of actors, directors and technicians . . . he blithely exempts the writers from the pervasive suffering. "In jail or out," he proclaims, "writing under their own names or some one else's or a pseudonym or anonymously, writers will write; and having written, they will find an audience." From this staunch statement Trumbo explains the black market, implying that not only is it flourishing like a green bay tree but that its fruits are a basketful of Oscars. (Which the waggish author's note by *The Nation's* editors also implies.)

This is most misleading, whatever fine commerce Trumbo himself and a few others may have conducted under the table. The situation exposed by the painstaking research of the Fund for the Republic, in both films and television, is by no means as cheerful and cute. Blacklisted writers, the report concludes, are experiencing great hardship, and even with the "cunning" and "secret channels" Trumbo celebrates, have at best haphazard success and endure savage cuts in the value of their wares.

JOHN BRIGHT
Mexico, D. F.

Bomb Testing

Dear Sirs: I am grateful for the opportunity of reading James A. Joyce's The Moral Deterrent [*The Nation,* July 6], a remarkable article on the growing danger of nuclear bomb testing. It is written with vision, moral passion and logic and should be read everywhere; also in translations.

ALFRED KREYMBORG
New York, N. Y.

Sports Sheep

Dear Sirs: The first instalment of Roger Kahn's Sports in America: Money Muscles—and Myths [*The Nation,* July 6] was amusingly written, and made absorbing reading. . . .

While the author renders a valuable service in exposing the shallowness of the reverence in which sports—and particularly baseball—are generally regarded in this country, I rather think he misplaces an emphasis. He recites the anecdote of the "three letter carriers struggling under their heavy loads, but all the while smiling and chatting." According to Ford Frick, who was walking behind these toilers in a "brutally hot afternoon," they were deep in a discussion of Willie Mays and The New York Giants; and were completely unaware of their durance vile, being "happy [because] they were talking about the Game."

Mr. Kahn seems to accept Mr. Frick's thesis, and adds that it is the "impact of competitiveness" of baseball, football, or horseracing, which has so completely captivated "virtually every American over the age of two."

Competitiveness may have something to do with it, but I think the surge toward conformity is the stronger factor. In the polygolt nation, one may claim group membership if he understands and can speak the national language of baseball. . . .

It's like flashing the lodge pin, or acknowledging the esoteric handshake. It's herd-talk . . . it's conformity.

H. LEONARD KING
New York, N. Y.

In This Issue

EDITORIALS

61 ●

ARTICLES

63 ● Erosion of the Presidency
by FREDERIC W. COLLINS

65 ● The Myth of the Happy Worker
by HARVEY SWADOS

68 ● The Story of an Article
by SARAH PATTON BOYLE

70 ● Inflation: The Other Fellow's Fault
by JOHN S. TOMPKINS

72 ● Lo! A Child Is Born (poem)
by HUGH MacDIARMID

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

73 ● Shattering the Atom of Personality
by DAVID SPITZ

74 ● The Sea of Hazard
by M. L. ROSENTHAL

75 ● Letter from Rome
by WILLIAM WEAVER

77 ● Music
by LESTER TRIMBLE

78 ● Films
by ROBERT HATCH

78 ● The Esquimaux Have No Word For Divorce (poem)
by EVE MERRIAM

79 ● Television
by ANNE W. LANGMAN

Crossword Puzzle (opp. 80)
by FRANK W. LEWIS

George G. Kirstein, Publisher
Carey McWilliams, Editor
Victor H. Bernstein, Managing Editor
Robert Hatch, Books and the Arts

Harold Clurman, Theatre
Anne W. Langman, Television
M. L. Rosenthal, Poetry
Mary Simon, Advertising Manager

Staff Contributors: W. Macmahon Ball, Carolus, Maxwell Geismar, Harvey O'Connor, Andrew Roth, Howard K. Smith, Dan Wakefield, Alexander Werth, H. H. Wilson.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1957
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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

The Politics of Civil Rights

Time alone will tell how much the toothless Civil Rights Bill, if President Eisenhower permits it to become law, will help the Negro citizen exercise his rights. But anyone can see right now that, come 1960, it will painfully hurt the Democratic Party whose senators, for a variety of reasons, extracted the bill's bite.

We do not believe that Vice President Nixon and Senator Knowland are unusually sensitive to the rights of minority groups. But they are sensitive as feathers to the winds of public opinion and the scales of political balance. They know that civil rights are in the air and that you cannot win the hotly-contested states unless you carry the minority vote. Even so, these shrewd operators could hardly have hoped that the matter would turn out as well for them as it has. The bill they pressed for is now so weak that it will not seriously estrange their growing band of followers in the South; but they put up an open fight for a much stronger bill and cannot fail once more to represent the party of Lincoln to the Negro voters of the country. Insofar as the bill is useful, they will get the credit; if, as seems probable, it is not very useful, the Democrats will get the blame.

The coalition of Southern and Western Democrats may try to explain away their votes with the most learned opinions from America's law schools; the Negro voter will note only Mr. Eisenhower's angry and disappointed statements and Mr. Nixon's sharp criticism of his colleagues' conduct. And the Northern white man who recognizes Civil Rights as the most important domestic issue before the American people today can have little emotion other than disappointment and disgust over Senator Johnson's smooth maneuvering, Senator Kennedy's flip-flop and the opportunistic and negative voting of the Western Democratic senators.

The Democrats in the Senate who voted against Title III and for the Jury Trial provision for the most part came from states that have no appreciable Negro vote. Most of them carry a liberal tag, but in fact they are more concerned with such matters as public power or party unity than they are with the rights of a group of citizens about whom they personally know very little. Probably their constituents care no more than they do, and probably therefore they will not be much hurt when next they run for office.

But if Mr. Nixon, Mr. Knowland, or whatever Republican aspirant succeeds Mr. Eisenhower in 1960, the analysts will need to look no further than to the hot summer sessions of the 1957 Senate for the public disillusion which tipped the balance against the Democratic candidate.

SUMMER SCHEDULE

As already announced, *The Nation* is appearing on alternate weeks during July and August. The next issue will be that of August 31.

Elections Before Loans

As was to be expected, Washington has recognized the military junta that has seized power in Haiti. General Cantave, one of the ringleaders, has been in Washington conferring with the State Department about a loan. He insists that Haiti must have generous economic aid *before* elections can be held; the country, he says, must first be rescued from "economic chaos."

It was ill-advised of Washington to recognize the military junta but it would be irredeemable folly to grant Cantave's request for funds before an election is held. Funds granted to dictatorial and corrupt regimes are seldom used for sensible social purposes; the money, usually ends up in the private coffers of the Paul Magloires of this world. Haiti suffers primarily from political, not from economic chaos; it is law and order, in the constitutional sense, that should first be restored. If Cantave succeeds in getting fat credits in Washington, the junta will be in no hurry to schedule elections and even if elections should be held, they would not be free. Washington should insist upon three conditions before considering a grant of additional funds: (1) elections should first be held; (2) the elections should be supervised by some agency such as the Pan-American Union of the United Nations (since the

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junta is petitioning Washington for funds, it is not inappropriate to stipulate such a condition); and (3) Daniel Fignolé, now in exile, should be permitted to return and file as a candidate for the presidency, if he so desires. To grant funds without these elementary safeguards would be like paying the kidnappers on a promise to return the hostage at some undetermined future date.

The Power of Words

The old conviction that the pen is mightier than the sword has been challenged by realists pointing to the facts of our age of violence. It has, indeed, been challenged to the point where many people, including writers, often wonder if the pen has any power at all.

We at *The Nation* have no swords, and our words reach only a limited audience. Is anybody out there listening? Is anybody out there moved by what he hears? Sometimes we wonder—and then sometimes we are suddenly struck by evidence of the repercussions our words can have.

In this issue Sarah Patton Boyle describes the broad community of sympathy and love discovered through the words of an article she wrote last fall in *The Nation*. Another example of the effect that words appearing in these pages have upon those who read them is the growing revolt against conditions among Puerto Rican workers in New York City. In the April 13 issue of *The Nation* Dan Wakefield wrote an article describing and documenting the exploitation of Puerto Rican workers by bosses and racketeer union leaders who had banded together for profit at the expense of these Spanish-speaking laborers. Here is a brief calendar of the events which followed on that article:

A few days after the *Nation* story appeared, Murray Kempton cited it in his column in the New York *Post* and asked that the unions act at once to help the Puerto Rican workers.

In the last week of April, Lloyd Klenert, secretary-treasurer of the United Textile Workers, whose Local 229 was cited in the *Nation* article, came to New York and invited Mr. Wakefield and Mr. Kempton to a meeting to defend his union and to hear grievances from its Puerto Rican members. Mr. Klenert promised that action would be taken to remedy the situation—but he is now busy cleaning his own house after being charged by the Senate committee investigating unfair labor practices with taking more than $50,000 of union funds to build his home in the suburbs of Washington.

During the first part of May, AFL-CIO President George Meany sent Peter McGavin, a special representative, to New York to meet with union leaders and leaders of the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists (cited in the *Nation* article as the only organization giving effective legal help to exploited Puerto Rican workers) to investigate the charges of unfair practices against these workers.

During the last of July, the New York *Post* ran a series of articles describing union-management exploitation of the Puerto Ricans.

On August 2, John McNiff of the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists and Bertha Nunez, a New York City union member from Honduras, testified on the exploitation of the Spanish-speaking workers before the Senate committee investigating unfair labor practices.

On August 3, Marshall Miller, "labor consultant" whose activities were reported in the *Nation* article, was dismissed from his post as consultant to the New York State legislative committee on industry and labor.

On August 6, Mayor Robert Wagner called a conference at City Hall to discuss exploitation of Puerto Rican workers in New York City.

The list will go on, and we do not expect it will end until the exploitation of the Puerto Rican workers in New York City ends.

As the repercussion of these *Nation* articles by Mrs. Boyle and Mr. Wakefield have demonstrated, words can still cause action and create understanding. The pen, even in 1957, still has its place and power.

Plain Talk from the General

Douglas MacArthur, in a recent speech to Sperry-Rand stockholders on the evils of high taxation, had the following to say of the atmosphere that supports our large arms budget:

> Our government has kept us in a perpetual state of fear—kept us in a continuous stampede of patriotic fervor—with the cry of grave national emergency. Always there has been some terrible evil at home or some monstrous foreign power that was going to gobble us up if we did not blindly rally behind it by furnishing the exorbitant funds demanded. Yet, in retrospect, these disasters seem never to have happened, seem never to have been quite real.

Within living memory, General MacArthur was himself quite a sabre-rattler. What changed his mind, we suspect, is the realization that he will never again be called to active duty. A World War III without MacArthur in the van is obviously a logical impossibility.

Nevertheless, we wish that more generals would come out flatfootedly against the arms boom. We wish it, yet know that it is impossible. Generals, even retired ones, are required to clear their views on controversial military matters with the Pentagon. MacArthur is no exception, but who is going to tell a five-star general to get back into line? Even the President was once a major on his staff.

Whatever his motives, MacArthur has dared to say what more than one military expert will admit over a drink and off the record. For once, we like his oratory—we hope he will return.

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EROSION of the PRESIDENCY . . *by Frederic W. Collins*

Washington, D.C.

ABOVE and beyond the problems of the day, there is one subject which more and more is occupying the attention of serious and objective persons here. For want of a better phrase, it is called "the erosion of the presidency." That is perhaps not exactly right, because there is no way of knowing that what is happening now is inflicting any permanent damage on the institution of the presidency. However, subtractions from or additions to the presidential power and prestige do have a way of carrying over from one administration to the next. Everything a President does, almost, is a precedent, whether constitutional, political, or administrative. And the precedents currently being established add up to a diminution of the office.

President Eisenhower is the beneficiary of a seemingly inexhaustible public sympathy. His illness, which has cut down on his presidential activities, has heightened that sympathy. The most hard-boiled observer of the President must recognize, even if the President's frequent allusions to the subject did not make it clear, that this man is living under a suspended sentence. You simply can't hate a man for not killing himself. Although it might be possible to wish that he would give more time to his job, it is not possible, under the circumstances, to criticize Mr. Eisenhower's Wednesday afternoons on the golf course or his almost regular week-ends at Gettysburg or Camp David. On these holidays he can replenish his nervous and physical energy sufficiently, he must hope, to keep the engine running during another week. Those who go to cabinet meetings must note how thin and old the President's hands look as they rest on the arms of his chair. Those who look beyond the deceptive suntan to the signs of age and illness in the wasting contours of his face and neck must assume that Mr. Eisenhower is aware of these intimations of mortality.

The President's simplicity of mind and principle seem to hold the popular devotion. Reporters who try to communicate his meanings to the public are driven mad by the involutions of his speech. But when some clever rascal recently composed a parody on The Gettysburg Address as Mr. Eisenhower would have delivered it—a devastating *tour de force* in the torturing of the English language—everyone realized that publishing it was an act on the very borderline of good taste. Clearly, we have not yet arrived at the point where we can make serious criticism of a President on the ground that his grammar and sense of words are indescribably bad. And when Senator Kerr says that the President has no brains, and a lesser figure in the House chooses to call the President a "lousy liar," the President is not hurt a bit.

BUT these concessions in his favor do not alter the fact that in the six-plus months of his second term, the performance of the presidency under Mr. Eisenhower has produced a series of episodes which give body to that phrase about erosion.

What was developing was heralded by his performance on the budget. That has been examined in detail in the public prints, including this one. One thing which has not been widely published, however, is that members of Mr. Eisenhower's own government, loyal "members of the team," were shocked, astonished and even angered by his vacillations. He cost himself a lot of support within his own administration. Men who had fought their departmental budgets through the whole executive process, and had grudgingly settled for less than they thought they needed, were furious when Mr. Eisenhower invited Congress to cut them further. They felt they had been deserted. Surely an erosion of the presidency can be registered on that point.

The President wavered in much the same way on disarmament. After the most difficult preliminary discussion, Harold Stassen had taken to London a disarmament policy acceptable to the whole government. One of the American bargaining positions had to do with suspension of nuclear tests. Yet, while Mr. Stassen was in London, the President was made the subject of nothing less than a *démarche* by Admiral Strauss, the chairman of the AEC and his adviser on atomic matters. Admiral Strauss arrived at the White House with a pair of scientists and some new stuff about a "clean bomb," the development of which would require unbroken continuation of tests. Forty-eight hours later, in a press conference, Mr. Eisenhower came very close to buying the Strauss proposition. If he did not knock the props from under the United States position, he gave it a frightful jolt.

This was not the act of a President who understood the implications of his pronouncements. He had approved American policy at London. To back off from it, because the militant and zealous Admiral Strauss had caught his ear, was a serious embarrassment to the policy. This was the act of the man who does not "pound desks," who governs his cabinet by attempted persuasion rather than by executive authority, who is, in a word, permitting himself to preside over a loose federation of sovereigns rather than a coherent organization of subordinates.

TIME and again President Eisenhower has indicated a belief that nothing is to be gained, and something is to be lost, by excessive restrictions on trade with Red China. His personal conviction is on the side of those who believe that such restrictions consolidate, rather than weaken, the connections between Moscow and Peking. Yet his government, in fifteen-power negotiations at Paris in May, held out for such vigorous exercises in starvation of the Communist regime that the British broke loose—followed by others, ranging eventually to Japan—and an important institution of allied unity

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FREDERIC W. COLLINS is a member of the Washington Bureau of The Providence Journal.

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was not just weakened, but almost destroyed. And on June 28, at San Francisco, Mr. Dulles made a restatement of China policy which in important detail differed from the known views of the President. People could be pardoned for asking, "What kind of government is this? And what kind of presidency is this?"

Examples could be continued. At least passing reference should be made to the President's performance on the defense budget. At one point he stated that cuts would be a reckless gamble, but in the end, in the clutch, when the counters were down in Congress, he indicated that American defense did not really need all the money he had at first demanded.

Finally, there was the civil rights bill. Over and over again, the President cited his purposes, always in terms of simple, unassailable principle. But not until Senator Russell had unlimbered his emotional artillery at "Title III" did the President become curious about that title. And in indicating his own puzzlement, he cut the ground from under the supporters of that comprehensive section, which needed, really, only a bit of technical tinkering to make it fit his stated purposes.

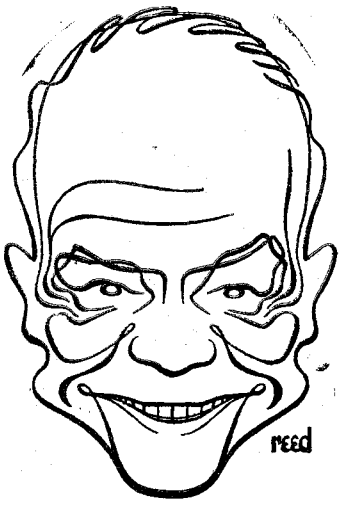
WHAT IS the explanation of all these instances of "erosion of the presidency"?

One high administrative official, a career officer without partisanship, but with a careerist's automatic loyalty to his superior, was asked about this. He said he had noted recently that the White House was "slow."

What did he mean by that? He meant that the White House doesn't seem to be on the ball, seems to be letting things get away from it, doesn't seem to realize until all the water is over the dam, or the horse is stolen, what it is that Americans are doing and thinking and watching and hoping for these days.

In a whole series of crises, for example, it let the mutual security program drift into dire peril in Congress, only to dive in at the last moment with emergency activities seeking to save something which should never have been permitted to fall into danger.

Some of the inner weakness of the



administration shows in the difficulty with which it recruits men for top posts. The President has known for months that he needs a new Secretary of Defense. Heaven knows how many people were offered the job before Neil McElroy of Proctor & Gamble finally accepted. The resignation of John B. Hollister as director of foreign aid (the international cooperation administration) opened a vacancy which at this writing, twenty-one men have declined to fill. It is not a sign of a healthy, driving, governmental organism that it cannot draw men into its service.

It is a phenomenon of this administration that no one in the White House has a really panoramic knowledge of what is going on either in the government or the country.

There is one phrase which as well as any other explains what the trouble is: The staff system is not good enough to show Mr. Eisenhower that the staff system is not good enough. The result is that, all too frequently, Mr. Eisenhower betrays a lack of knowledge of activities in his own administration.

The staff system becomes an array of vertical conveyors which collect and deliver material to the top at, say, cabinet level, but fail to dump it out on any common platform which might be called "the government." A good many people now think that the trouble with the system is its failure to take into account the legitimate role of politics in government. Politics is the means by which the government finds out what the country is thinking.

The failure of this administration to maintain that contact with the public (despite its noteworthy devotion to the non-political techniques of public opinion analysis), never needs to have a more striking example than Mrs. Hobby's utter surprise that there should be such heavy demand for Salk vaccine. The administration has never progressed beyond that state of insulation.

MR. EISENHOWER knew the staff system in the army. He was sold on its efficiency in American industry, and that is one reason why Charles E. Wilson, of General Motors, became Secretary of Defense. But while the manager of a GM assembly plant in Tarrytown, N.Y., might be caught out on a bad performance in his particular staff niche, because it would show all too quickly in the profit-and-loss system, his opposite number in minor bureaucracy can err quite seriously without penalty, because it is a characteristic of government to cover its own mistakes. And Mr. Wilson, who was probably a good president of GM, is about to leave a department which is, if anything, more disorganized than when he took it over. The reason? The staff reports didn't tell him what was happening down below. And the irony of it is that the general in the White House has permitted this to happen in the military establishment, for the same reason. The staff reports of political government simply do not provide the executive with manageable material for understanding what is going on in the establishment.

It may be that the government is suffering from a curse of such bigness that nothing but the staff system can be used, and that the staff system still won't do the job. But there is a solution. Mr. Truman, for example, applied himself to his homework. Over and above that, he exercised a continuous, vigorous, personal spirit of inquiry as to what was going on in the country. That spirit does not exist at the top of the government today. It is, in the final analysis, a spirit almost identical with the spirit of politics. So the end judgment is that what we need is less staff system and more politics. Thus, the erosion of the presidency can be checked—even redressed.

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The MYTH of the HAPPY WORKER . . *by Harvey Swados*

> "From where we sit in the company," says one of the best personnel men in the country, "we have to look at only the aspects of work that cut across all sorts of jobs—administration and human relations. Now these are aspects of work, abstractions, but it's easy for personnel people to get so hipped on their importance that they look on the specific tasks of making things and selling them as secondary . . ."
>
> —*The Organization Man,* by William H. Whyte Jr.

THE PERSONNEL man who made this remark to Mr. Whyte differed from his brothers only in that he had a moment of insight. Actually, "the specific tasks of making things" are now not only regarded by his white-collar fellows as "secondary," but as irrelevant to the vaguer but more "challenging" tasks of the man at the desk. This is true not just of the personnel man, who places workers, replaces them, displaces them—in brief, manipulates them. The union leader also, who represents workers and sometimes manipulates them, seems increasingly to regard what his workers do as merely subsidiary to the job he himself is doing in the larger community. This job may be building the Red Cross or the Community Chest, or it may sometimes be—as the Senate hearings suggest—participating in such communal endeavors as gambling, prostitution and improving the breed. In any case, the impression is left that the problems of the workers in the background (or underground) have been stabilized, if not permanently solved.

With the personnel man and the union leader, both of whom presumably see the worker from day to day, growing so far away from him, it is hardly to be wondered at that the middle-class in general, and articulate middle-class intellectuals in particular, see the worker vaguely, as through a cloud. One gets the impression that when they do consider him, they operate from one of two unspoken assumptions: (1) The worker has died out like the passenger pigeon, or is dying out, or becoming accultured, like the Navajo; (2) If he *is* still around, he is just like the rest of us—fat, satisfied, smug, a little restless, but hardly distinguishable from his fellow TV-viewers of the middle-class.

Lest it be thought that (1) is somewhat exaggerated, I hasten to quote from a recently-published article apparently dedicated to the laudable task of urging slothful middle-class intellectuals to wake up and live: "The old-style sweatshop crippled mainly the working people. Now there are no workers left in America; we are almost all middle-class as to income and expectations." I do not believe the writer meant to state—although he comes perilously close to it—that nobody works any more. If I understand him correctly, he is referring to the fact that the worker's rise in real income over the last decade, plus the diffusion of middle-class tastes and values throughout a large part of the underlying population, have made it increasingly difficult to tell blue-collar from white-collar worker without a program. In short, if the worker earns like the middle-class, votes like the middle-class, dresses like the middle-class, dreams like the middle-class, then he ceases to exist as a worker.

BUT there is one thing that the worker doesn't do like the middle-class: he works like a worker. The steel-mill puddler does not yet sort memos, the coal miner does not yet sit in conferences, the cotton millhand does not yet sip martinis from his lunchbox. The worker's attitude toward his work is generally compounded of hatred, shame and resignation.

Before I spell out what I think this means, I should like first to examine some of the implications of the widely-held belief that "we are almost all middle-class as to income and expectations." I am neither economist, sociologist nor politician, and I hold in my hand no doctored statistics to be haggled over. I am by profession a writer who has had occasion to work in factories at various times during the Thirties, Forties and Fifties. The following observations are simply impressions based on my last period of factory servitude, in 1956.

The average automobile worker gets a little better than two dollars an hour. As such he is one of the best-paid factory workers in the country. After twenty years of militant struggle led by the union that I believe to be still the finest and most democratic labor organization in the United States, he is earning less than the starting salaries offered to inexperienced and often semi-literate college graduates without dependents. After compulsory deductions for taxes, social security, old-age insurance and union dues, and optional deductions for hospitalization and assorted charities, his pay check for forty hours of work is going to be closer to seventy than to eighty dollars a week. Does this make him middle-class as to income? Does it rate with the weekly take of a dentist, an accountant, a salesman, a draftsman, a journalist? Surely it would be more to the point to ask how a family man can get by in the Fifties on that kind of income. I know how he does it, and I should think the answers would be a little disconcerting to those who wax glib on the satisfactory status of the "formerly" underprivileged.

For one thing, he works a lot longer than forty hours a week—when he can. Since no automobile company is as yet in a position to guarantee its workers anything like fifty weeks of steady forty-hour paychecks, the auto worker knows he has to make it while he can. During peak production periods he therefore puts in nine, ten, eleven and often twelve hours a day on the assembly line for weeks on end. And that's not all. If he has dependents, as like as not he also holds down a "spare-time" job. I have worked on the

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HARVEY SWADOS' new novel, On the Line, *will be published by Little, Brown in September.*

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line with men who doubled as mechanics, repairmen, salesmen, contractors, builders, farmers, cab-drivers, lumberyard workers, countermen. I would guess that there are many more of these than show up in the official statistics: often a man will work for less if he can be paid under the counter with tax-free dollars.

NOR is that all. The factory worker with dependents cannot carry the debt load he now shoulders—the middle-class debt load, if you like, of nagging payments on car, washer, dryer, TV, clothing, house itself—without family help. Even if he puts in fifty, sixty or seventy hours a week at one or two jobs, he has to count on his wife's paycheck, or his son's, his daughter's, his brother-in-law's; or on his mother's social security, or his father's veteran's pension. The working-class family today is not typically held together by the male wage-earner, but by multiple wage-earners often of several generations who club together to get the things they want and need—or are pressured into believing they must have. It is at best a precarious arrangement; as for its toll on the physical organism and the psyche, that is a question perhaps worthy of further investigation by those who currently pronounce themselves bored with Utopia Unlimited in the Fat Fifties.

But what of the worker's middle-class expectations? I had been under the impression that this was the rock on which Socialist agitation had foundered for generations: it proved useless to tell the proletarian that he had a world to win when he was reasonably certain that with a few breaks he could have his own gas station. If these expectations have changed at all in recent years, they would seem to have narrowed rather than expanded, leaving a psychological increment of resignation rather than of unbounded optimism (except among the very young—and even among them the optimism focuses more often on better-paying opportunities elsewhere in the labor market than on illusory hopes of swift status advancement). The worker's expectations are for better pay, more humane working conditions, more job security. As long as he feels that he is going to achieve them through an extension of existing conditions, for that long he is going to continue to be a middle-class conservative in temper. But only for that long.

I suspect that what middle-class writers mean by the worker's middle-class expectations are his cravings for commodities—his determination to have not only fin-tailed cars and single-unit washer-dryers, but butterfly chairs in the rumpus room, African masks on the wall and power boats in the garage. Before the middle-class intellectuals condemn these expectations too harshly, let them

consider, first, who has been utilizing every known technique of suasion and propaganda to convert luxuries into necessities, and second, at what cost these new necessities are acquired by the American working-class family.

NOW I should like to return to the second image of the American worker: satisfied, doped by TV, essentially middle-class in outlook. This is an image bred not of communication with workers (except as mediated by hired interviewers sent "into the field" like anthropologists or entomologists), but of contempt for people, based perhaps on self-contempt and on a feeling among intellectuals that the worker has let them down. In order to see this clearly, we have to place it against the intellectual's changing attitudes toward the worker since the Thirties.

At the time of the organization of the C.I.O., the middle-class intellectual saw the proletarian as society's figure of virtue—heroic, magnanimous, bearing in his loins the seeds of a better future; he would have found ludicrous the suggestion that a sit-down striker might harbor anti-Semitic feelings. After Pearl Harbor, the glamorization of the worker was taken over as a function of government. Then, however, he was no longer the builder of the future good society; instead he was second only to the fighting man as the vital winner of the war. Many intellectuals, as government employees, found themselves helping to create this new portrait of the worker as patriot.

But in the decade following the war intellectuals have discovered that workers are no longer either building socialism or forging the tools of victory. All they are doing is making the things that other people buy. That, and participating in the great commodity scramble. The disillusionment, it would seem, is almost too terrible to bear. Word has gotten around among the highbrows that the worker is not heroic or idealistic; public-opinion polls prove that he wants barbecue pits more than foreign aid and air-conditioning more than desegregation, that he doesn't particularly want to go on strike, that he is reluctant to form a Labor Party, that he votes for Stevenson and often even for Eisenhower and Nixon—that he is, in short, animated by the same aspirations as drive the middle-class onward and upward in suburbia.

There is of course a certain admixture of self-delusion in the middle-class attitude that workers are now the same as everybody else. For me it was expressed most precisely last year in the dismay and sympathy with which middle-class friends greeted the news that I had gone back to work in a factory. If workers are now full-fledged members of the middle-class, why the dismay? What difference whether one sits in an office or stands in a shop? The answer is so obvious that one feels shame at laboring the point. But I have news for my friends among the intellectuals. The answer is obvious to workers, too.

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They know that there is a difference between working with your back and working with your behind (I do not make the distinction between hand-work and brain-work, since we are all learning that white-collar work is becoming less and less brain-work). They know that they work harder than the middle-class for less money. Nor is it simply a question of status, that magic word so dear to the hearts of the sociologues, the new anatomizers of the American corpus. It is not simply status-hunger that makes a man hate work which pays *less* than other work he knows about, if *more* than any other work he has been trained for (the only reason my fellow-workers stayed on the assembly line, they told me again and again). It is not simply status-hunger that makes a man hate work that is mindless, endless, stupefying, sweaty, filthy, noisy, exhausting, insecure in its prospects and practically without hope of advancement.

THE PLAIN truth is that factory work is degrading. It is degrading to any man who ever dreams of doing something worthwhile with his life; and it is about time we faced the fact. The more a man is exposed to middle-class values, the more sophisticated he becomes and the more production-line work is degrading to him. The immigrant who slaved in the poorly-lighted, foul, vermin-ridden sweatshop found his work less degrading than the native-born high school graduate who reads Judge Parker, Rex Morgan, M.D., and Judd Saxon, Business Executive, in the funnies, and works in a fluorescent factory with ticker-tape production-control machines. For the immigrant laborer, even the one who did not dream of socialism, his long hours were going to buy him freedom. For the factory worker of the Fifties, his long hours are going to buy him commodities . . . and maybe reduce a few of his debts.

Almost without exception, the men with whom I worked on the assembly line last year felt like trapped animals. Depending on their age and personal circumstances, they were either resigned to their fate, furiously angry at *themselves* for what they were doing, or desperately hunting other work that would pay as well and in addition offer some variety, some prospect of change and betterment. They were sick of being pushed around by harried foremen (themselves more pitied than hated), sick of working like blinkered donkeys, sick of being dependent for their livelihood on a maniacal production-merchandising setup, sick of working in a place where there was no spot to relax during the twelve-minute rest period. (Some day—let us hope—we will marvel that production was still so worshipped in the Fifties that new factories could be built with every splendid facility for the storage and movement of essential parts, but with no place for a resting worker to sit down for a moment but on a fire plug, the edge of a packing case, or the sputum- and oil-stained stairway of a toilet.)

The older men stay put and wait for their vacations. But since the assembly line demands young blood (you will have a hard time getting hired if you are over thirty-five), the factory in which I worked was aswarm with new faces every day; labor turnover was so fantastic and absenteeism so rampant, with the young men knocking off a day or two every week to hunt up other jobs, that the company was forced to over-hire in order to have sufficient workers on hand at the starting siren.

To those who will object—fortified by their readings in C. Wright Mills and A. C. Spectorsky—that the white-collar commuter, too, dislikes his work, accepts it only because it buys his family commodities, and is constantly on the prowl for other work, I can only reply that for me at any rate this is proof not of the disappearance of the working-class but of the proletarianization of the middle-class. Perhaps it is not taking place quite in the way that Marx envisaged it, but the alienation of the white-collar man (like that of the laborer) from both his tools and whatever he produces, the slavery that chains the exurbanite to the commuting timetable (as the worker is still chained to the time-clock), the anxiety that sends the white-collar man home with his briefcase for an evening's work (as it degrades the workingman into pleading for long hours of overtime), the displacement of the white-collar slum from the wrong side of the tracks to the suburbs (just as the working-class slum is moved from old-law tenements to skyscraper barracks)—all these mean to me that the white-collar man is entering (though his arms may be loaded with commodities) the grey world of the working man.

THREE quotations from men with whom I worked may help to bring my view into focus:

Before starting work: "Come on, suckers, they say the Foundation wants to give away *more* than half a billion this year. Let's do and die for the old Foundation."

During rest period: "Ever stop to think how we crawl here bumper to bumper, and crawl home bumper to bumper, and we've got to turn out more every minute to keep our jobs, when there isn't even any room for them on the highways?"

At quitting time (this from older foremen, whose job is not only to keep things moving, but by extension to serve as company spokesmen): "You're smart to get out of here. . . . I curse the day I ever started, now I'm stuck: any man with brains that stays here ought to have his head examined. This is no place for an intelligent human being."

Such is the attitude towards the work. And towards the product? On the one hand it is admired and desired as a symbol of freedom, almost a substitute for freedom, not because the worker participated in making it, but because our whole culture is dedicated to the proposition that the automobile is both necessary and beautiful. On the other hand it is hated and despised—so much that if your new car smells bad it may be due to a banana peel crammed down its gullet and sealed up thereafter, so much so that if your dealer can't locate the rattle in your new car you might ask him to open the welds on one of those tail fins and vacuum out the nuts

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and bolts thrown in by workers sabotaging their own product.

Sooner or later, if we want a decent society—by which I do not mean a society glutted with commodities or one maintained in precarious equilibrium by over-buying and forced premature obsolescence—we are going to have to come face to face with the problem of work. Apparently the Russians have committed themselves to the replenishment of their labor force through automatic recruitment of those intellectually incapable of keeping up with severe scholastic requirements in the public educational system. Apparently we, too, are heading in the same direction: although our economy is not directed, and although college education is as yet far from free, we seem to be operating in this capitalist economy on the totalitarian assumption that we can funnel the underprivileged, undereducated, or just plain underequipped, into the factory, where we can proceed to forget about them once we have posted the minimum fair labor standards on the factory wall.

If this is what we want, let's be honest enough to say so. If we conclude that there is nothing noble about repetitive work, but that it is nevertheless good enough for the lower orders, let's say that, too, so we will at least know where we stand. But if we cling to the belief that other men are our brothers, not just Egyptians, or Israelis, or Hungarians, but *all* men, including millions of Americans who grind their lives away on an insane treadmill, then we will have to start thinking about how their work and their lives can be made meaningful. That is what I assume the Hungarians, both workers and intellectuals, have been thinking about. Since no one has been ordering us what to think, since no one has been forbidding our intellectuals to fraternize with our workers, shouldn't it be a little easier for us to admit, first, that our problems exist, then to state them, and then to see if we can resolve them?

The Story of an Article . . by Sarah Patton Boyle

In its issue of October 20, 1956, The Nation *published an article by Sarah Patton Boyle in which she, as a white Southern heretic, a tireless crusader for desegregation, described the pain, fear and loneliness of fighting for what she believed in against the solid hostility of community prejudice. Mrs. Boyle now describes what has happened to her as a result of that article.*—The Editors.

THE STORY of most articles is pretty dull. You get an idea; it worries you until you write a piece around it; you send the product out a few times; and it's either accepted or not. The check, if you get one, goes to pay for something you bought a while ago. And that's it.

But the story of one of my articles is different.

It begins last September when the editors of *The Nation* asked me to write about my slice of the South. I replied that I was too groggy from having my beautiful Chippendale illusions broken over my head to write about anything but how the impact felt.

Then, they returned, let's have that.

I didn't think the magazine knew what it was doing. The story I had in mind was too personal. I hadn't told it even to my nearest relatives or closest friends. But with the request to focus on, I knew I could get the experience down—get it *said.* Then I'd feel better.

"Ah, therapy!" I thought, and reached for my typewriter.

But I was so weary from stress, and so sure that the piece was unusable that I didn't even give it a decent typing. I just shot it off rough with the comment, "I feel better now, and I hope you're no worse off."

The following Tuesday I got the reply: "It goes to press Friday."

I was seized with panic. Like Lady Godiva, I'd let my hair down to the floor—after taking off everything else. Now I felt as if Delilah had visited me with her shears. Even more important, in the six years since I had decided to put my shoulder to the Southern Negro's wheel, I'd published nothing which I didn't think would either enlighten the prejudiced or hearten my fellow crusaders. But now I'd let out a scream which could only hearten the prejudiced and depress the righteous. As sometimes happens when one seeks therapy, I felt worse than before.

Yet the article had been accepted and scheduled in good faith: the issue planned and ready for the press. It was a little too late to back out.

So, under the title of Spit in the Devil's Eye, the piece ruthlessly appeared—completed with a David Shapiro woodcut so piquant with my agonies that I felt as though my head were shaved as well as shorn. I backed against the wall and awaited the rain of leaden disappointment from my once-respectful colleagues.

A letter came. I didn't open it at first. When I did, it said: "I've never written a fan letter before, but I want to thank you for your article. It gave me new hope for the South."

The next day there were two letters. One, from a physician in Missouri, said: "So very often I feel like resigning from the human race. Then something comes—like your article in *The Nation*—and I withdraw my resignation." The other was from a professor in Louisiana: "You lend faith to my hope that in the end human dignity will prevail."

They continued to come, one or two a day at first, then one or two a week, like transfusions and medicine to a person who had been dying of wounds. As reaction to the first appearance of the article subsided, reprints sponsored by various church

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denominations began to be mailed out. The result of these relays is that ten months after the original appeared I still receive an occasional letter of support.

The reaction of readers still baffles me: Several score of people thanked me for the new hope my "courage" gave them. Yet the piece was written, not in courage but in a lapse of it. It's as though a woman in labor, who for hours had bitten her lips and clutched her mattress in silence, suddenly weakened and screamed. And everyone crowded round and said, "How brave you are!"

Can it be that the line between bravery and deception sometimes grows thin? That "the laughter which conceals tears" can strain itself into mere misrepresentation? That an honest scream is sometimes more worthy than a phony stiff upper lip? At least I know that after telling the somewhat awful truth flatly, I did have a curious feeling of having been cleansed.

THE narrow stream of letters poured slowly on, more than a hundred of them, renewing me and rebuilding hopes I thought were splintered. What were these? One was the hope that people can really communicate with one another. For six years I had talked plainly and with ardor of the necessity for making concrete the principles we all profess, and only misinterpretation appeared to result. But now *Nation* readers seemed to catch the full implication of every sentence I wrote.

Another was that people really care about what happens to people they don't know. I had grown at first heart-sick, then heart-empty at the indifference to acute human need which I had found when I looked seeingly around the South. But these readers cared. Letter after letter bore evidence that the writer had focused his or her whole experience and intelligence on writing me, a total stranger, a letter which might help me carry my load.

This was the more heart-warming because most ordinary "fan mail" is merely an overflow of ego. The "admirer" writes to himself, not you. He says, "Dear Mrs. Boyce (or Doyle, or Bowls), I read with interest your wonderful article in the *Woman's Home Friend*. It reminds me of an essay I wrote once in high school. It was a better piece of writing than the teacher thought, etc., etc. and etc." Or he says, "Dear Mrs. Boyle: After reading your good article entitled Why Southerners Need Aspirin, it occurs to me that you are the very person who can give me information about the origin of aspirin. I have searched the libraries and have been unable . . . etc."

But *Nation* readers used their own problems and experiences only as a means of helping me with mine. In all there were 103 letters, representing twenty professions and coming from thirty-one states (six of them in the deep South), plus Canada and Europe. Of these only three were egotistical and only two were unkind.

The unkind ones? The first was from a high-school girl in Minnesota. She said she wasn't prejudiced against Negroes, since after all she belonged to a persecuted minority herself; and, besides, some of her best friends were Negroes; but on the whole she preferred not to associate with such people, or, she implied, with such as defend them.

The other, neatly typed with a bright ribbon, was from Louisiana. Its writer implied that naturally all integrationists were Communists and that I was a traitor to all decent Southern whites. She said she hoped I enjoyed the thirty pieces of silver which I of course received for my phony Essay on Self Pity and my other writings on integration. She added that she was laughing at my tear jerker, and asked sarcastically if I was prepared to include her in the "Forgive them, Father" I claimed I was learning to say.

How right she was about the thirty pieces of silver. Anyone who has been privileged to sell a short article to *The Nation*, or any magazine designed to appeal only to the thinking few, is aware that thirty pieces of American coin is a more literal than symbolic description of what one receives. As for her inquiry, the answer is yes. It's not much of a spiritual feat for one in the agony of childbirth to feel sorry for and pray for one in the agony of cancer. We who fight for human freedom know the pain of creation, of living to full human stature, of love. It is not impossible for us to forgive those who shriek at us in the torment of self-destroying hatred.

Actually, it's as true that all men must suffer as it is that all must die, and Lincoln's wisdom applies to pain as well as death. Only the privileged suffer *for* something. The rest suffer as much, but in futility.

Self-pity? No. I know of no crusader for the rights of man who feels self-pity, or who belittles the aims of fellow crusaders by pitying them. That is one of the wonderful things about my *Nation* letters. In not even one were tepid tears shed for me. Those discerning strangers offered me instead the firm, sustaining hand of empathy, approval, or gratitude. They also each offered some thought that heartened. And that is why, inch by inch and letter by letter, my sense of isolation retreated.

They increased my range of vision —broadened my base of human fellowship. As their slow stream poured in I became aware of the myriad of persons who stand firm for many high causes, some quite different from mine, yet akin to it in that they are all designed to move reluctant man toward a knowledge of his destiny.

And as the article came into the hands of their executives, minority organizations, including the National Council of Negro Women, stepped forward with extended hands. A curious feeling of expanded consciousness stole through me—a rich and growing sense of partnership with a vast and hidden army of those who seek and serve.

IT WAS my job and reward to answer all these sustaining letters, and as I pulled them through my consciousness in reply, each thought and turn of phrase, planned and executed for my comfort, came suddenly alive for me. Before I answered, the letters were kindly gestures which I much appreciated, but as I answered they spoke to me in a different, deeper way—human essence to human essence—and in my innermost cells I was healed.

Some of my replies were answered,

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giving me more knowledge of my newest friends. And one of these, a florescent creature named Flora, has a rare gift for bringing people and experiences into lively being on a page. We write often and through her an amazing array of friends I've never met have come to life and to live in me. And gone is the experience of aloneness which I described in Spit in the Devil's Eye.

How true this is has recently been proved. I wrote my first *Nation* piece following a heavy shower of hostile pressures, which arrive with rhythmic regularity in my field of work. A few weeks ago I experienced another such shower, as a result of an article I wrote for local publication. Once again community disapproval closed in like the walls in "The Pit and the Pendulum." But this time there was a difference.

NO longer was I a prisoner in my community, at the mercy of prison guards. I had long thought in terms of all mankind, yet in my heart and bones somehow I had not known that I was a part of it. But now, like a fine tapestry, my *Nation*-reader friendships stretched from California to Florida, to Canada, and in my heart as well as in my mind I know that the human family is one—and I am part of it.

In my heart as well as in my mind Charlottesville is a dot on the map of the land. I belong to the whole. The "innermost I" has moved out of town, and I now dwell in a new community—the community of those who, because of inner wealth, do not ask the price of seeking the truth and of bringing forth the future.

Inflation: The Other Fellow's Fault . . *by John S. Tompkins*

IN SPITE of flood, drought, civil rights and disarmament, the nation's press has been giving more front-page space to esoteric economic discussions from Washington in the last few weeks than at any time since the New Deal. America is still riding the crest of the greatest boom in its history and yet the controversy over rising prices has all but drowned out public statements of satisfaction with our record high standard of living.

The subject of inflation, its nature, cause and cure, is currently being explored by two Senatorial committees, with a third investigation slated for the fall. All summer long a torrent of testimony has poured out of Washington, but no conclusions are yet apparent. Each group has been blaming inflation on someone else. A hot argument has developed on just what kind of inflation it is that we're having, but except for more up-to-date statistics the talk has produced little really new information.

The administration, having decided that the trouble was simply too much money competing for too few goods, two years ago began its "tight money" policy. This curbs spending (so the theory goes) by making it more expensive to borrow. The Democrats, looking for a 1958 campaign issue, contend that we are experiencing a "new" inflation and that tight money not only won't stop it but unfairly hurts the little man while helping big business and the bankers. Organized labor, fat and happy twenty years after the sitdown strike era, is baffled and irate that the fruits of its escalator clauses seem to melt away before they can be savored. Business, caught between rising costs and declining sales, blames tight money for making new plants more expensive and labor for demanding more money with no increase of production. The farmer feels that tight money helps the banker who holds the mortgage, but leaves him still squeezed between higher living costs and falling farm prices. The consumer, least organized and least articulate of all, is showing some signs of annoyance at the steady erosion of the dollar's purchasing power. Twenty cents has disappeared from the dollar in less than a decade, a nickel of that just since last March.

The views of the administration and the Democrats have met in sharpest contrast in the hearings of the Senate Finance Committee. George M. Humphrey, the recently retired Secretary of the Treasury, spent a near-record fourteen days on the witness stand, defending his concept of inflation against the attacks of Democratic Senators Byrd, Kerr, Fulbright and Anderson. Mr. Humphrey argued that this inflation is a classical example of demand outrunning supply and that it began in 1955 as an outburst of industrial expansion. The great demand for production machinery, factory buildings and equipment bid up hard goods prices, and with varying time lags these increases have been translated into higher consumer prices.

The Democrats contend that neither of the classical signs, too much money nor too few goods, is present in this inflation. Pointing to surpluses of most consumer goods, they add that the money supply has expanded less than two per cent in a year. In addition, according to this view, the government is taking more money out of the spending stream than it is putting in by operating on a small surplus and paying off some of its debt. Mr. Humphrey conceded that the amount of money in circulation has increased very slowly, but he insisted that its velocity has risen rapidly and that when each dollar changes hands faster the effect on the economy is as if more money has been created.

Mr. Humphrey provoked outcries of protest when he referred to the inflationary effect of a sharp rise in wages over the past few years without a proportionate rise in productivity. He added that such wage in-

JOHN S. TOMPKINS is a financial reporter for the New York Times.

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creases have pushed disposable income up six per cent since mid-1955. The Democratic view is that until very recently wages have always lagged behind prices and that the real villain is the "administered price" (i.e. a follow-the-leader price) which they claim corporations set without regard to supply and demand and then blame on labor. The Antitrust and Monopoly Subcommittee of the Judiciary Committee, headed by Senator Kefauver, has fixed its sights on this question but will also look into automatic wage increases.

Generally, the Democrats are critical of the administration's tight money approach to inflation because of the hardships it works on towns and cities, small businessmen, home buyers and farmers, when they must borrow money. During the questioning of Mr. Humphrey, Clinton P. Anderson, (D., N.M.) suggested that these groups were feeling the credit pinch while large corporations were not. The Secretary admitted that they might have felt the effect of tight money first, but said that the pressure is now also holding down big business expansion. Mr. Humphrey at first rejected the possibility of installing selective credit controls and was later skeptical that they could be effective in any case.

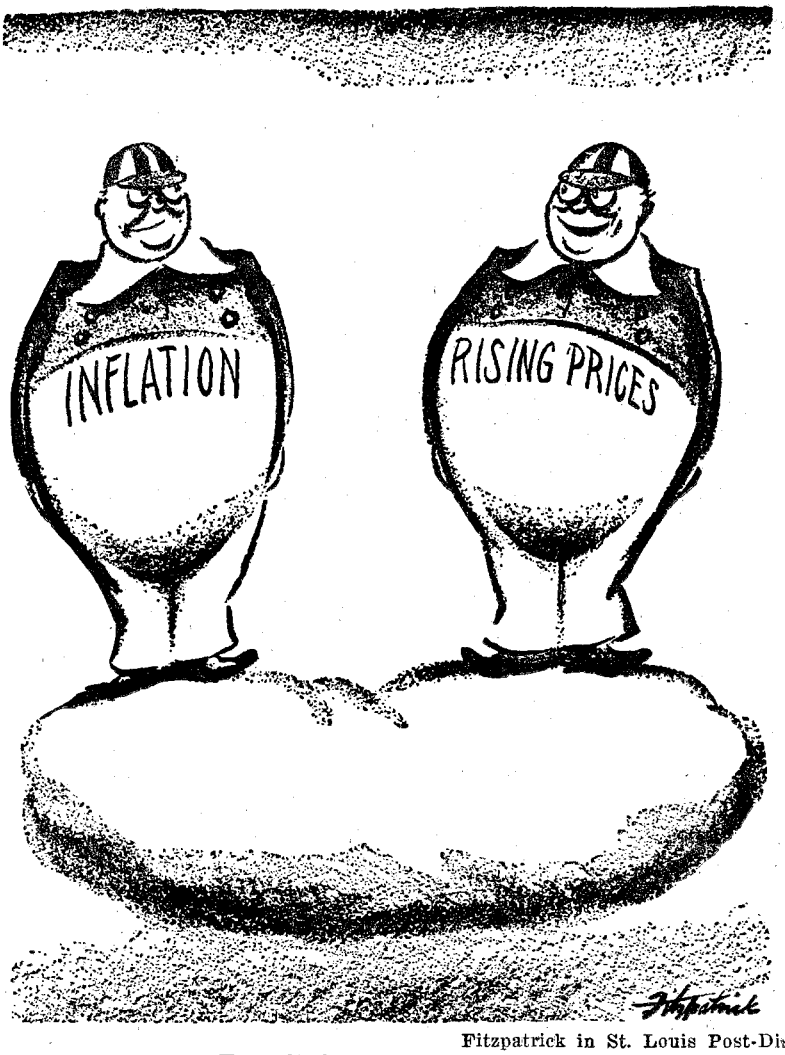
This Senatorial probing has brought professors of economics to Washington from all over the country to give testimony, read technical papers into the record and prepare cases for the Congressmen engaged in the inquiries. Two of the most widely-quoted statements on inflation, though neither came out of the present investigations, well exemplify the administration and Democratic philosophies. According to C. Canby Balderston, vice chairman of the Federal Reserve Board of Governors:

> A misconception that is part of our intellectual currency today is that a little inflation is a good thing. A little inflation, sometimes thought of as roughly two per cent a year, would double the price level every thirty-five years. However, even if we accept the inevitability of creeping inflation, and I certainly do not, it is not possible to have just a "little" inflation.

The opposite position is that held by Harvard Professor Sumner H. Slichter, and many Democrats. Believing that there will continue to be a two or three per cent inflation per year for the indefinite future, Prof. Slichter says:

> In this imperfect world we are often compelled to choose between evils, and if the choice is between enough unemployment to halt the rise in labor costs, direct controls of wages and prices, and creeping inflation, let us by all means have the creeping inflation. It is the least of the three evils.

Spokesmen for labor, in what has become the great inflation debate, resent being blamed for pushing up prices with their wage demands; they claim that management uses wage increases only as an excuse to extract greater profits from the public. U.S. steel justified its $6-a-ton price rise on the basis of wage boosts given recently under a contract that came out of last fall's strike. At that time the price of steel went up $8.50 a ton and the company has indicated that such a wage-price pattern is likely to continue. But David McDonald, president of the United Steelworkers, retorts that for every dollar of pay rises got by his union since World War II, the price of steel has gone up more than three dollars. Thus labor blames administered prices for inflation and observes that giant corporations in the automobile and appliance fields are even now raising prices in the face of falling demand, rather than cutting them as they would if they were really in competition. The administration's own attitude on pay increases for 1,500,000 federal employees provoked this sarcastic analysis from George Meany, president of the AFL-CIO: "When prices are rising, 'it is inflationary to increase Federal em-



Fitzpatrick in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Tweedledum and Tweedledee

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ployees' pay.' When prices are falling, 'higher pay might promote unemployment.' When prices are fairly stable, it might 'rock the boat' to adjust Government pay rates." Nevertheless, some segments of labor have managed to stay ahead of the game, however slightly, and that is better than most white-collar workers have been able to do. The latest half per cent increase in the Consumer Price Index brought automatic two to four cent an hour increases to an estimated 650,000 workers with wage-price contracts in the electrical manufacturing, aircraft and trucking industries.

Businessmen large and small complain that labor is the largest single cost of manufacturing and that employees now expect regular pay rises without any increase of productivity. Most management spokesmen avoid provocative statements on the virtues of unemployment, but nearly all believe that inflation is one of the penalties of a full-employment policy. As to the inflationary effect of price rises, many businessmen feel that they have exercised restraint in not charging all that the market will bear. Business admits that price increases are calculated to provide a "fair" profit in addition to covering labor and other costs. If the unions claim that fair profits are often exorbitant, businessmen are as quick to resent the suggestion that they should be the ones to absorb the higher costs. The surge of capital spending in 1955 which, according to Mr. Humphrey, touched off the present inflation, was caused, says industry, partly by the need to offset higher wages with more efficient plants, partly by faith that the wartime baby boom would continue.

BUSINESS has often been critical of the tight money policy for making its financing of this expansion more costly—which was precisely what the policy was intended to do. The effect has been felt in some delay of expansion plans, but spending for this purpose has still been enormous. At the present time capital spending by industry is estimated to be running at the rate of almost $38,000,000,000 per year—about nine per cent higher than last year, but less than half the increase registered between 1955 and 1956. Some labor critics of business pricing policies claim that many companies are getting around the effects of tight money by financing their expansion out of increased prices.

The farmers have been heard from least of all the groups in the inflation controversy. Most farmers dislike tight money because it increases the difficulty of raising mortgages and makes their regular seasonal borrowing constantly more difficult and expensive. Business and labor may agree that government spending for farm price supports is inflationary, but farmers are likely to say the same about defense budgets. With the decline of the old-fashioned diversified farm, farmers have become consumers of all kinds of goods, including food. It is bad enough that a new tractor will cost more as a result of the steel price increase, but when the price of bread goes up as the price of wheat goes down, the farmer just gets mad.

The most long-suffering and slow-to-anger part of public opinion is the consumer, who, formally speaking, is in no group at all. Of course labor, business and farmers are all themselves consumers. But the consumers who have been hurt most and heard from least are the members of the great middle class, the salaried employees, who neither own property nor have a real stake in business. Unable to tie their salaries to the cost of living, such people stand by helplessly while their living standard steadily drops. Their only weapon is the buyer's strike, and there are signs that they may have begun to use it.

In a June survey of consumer attitudes, the Survey Research Center of the University of Michigan found that a more cautious attitude on spending has recently become noticeable. In what is possibly a reflection of wishful thinking, the survey found that expectations by consumers of further price rises have leveled off, following a sharp upturn in 1955 and in the first half of 1956. "At the same time," the survey notes, "resentment against price increases seems to have grown somewhat." Specific buying intentions show an increase in plans to buy used cars and fewer plans to buy major appliances or houses than in 1955 or 1956.

The survey uncovered an interesting difference in attitude toward tight money from one income level to another. Upper income consumers were well aware that interest rates have gone up and some believe that this has made it harder to finance home purchases. Fewer lower income people knew of the rise and most of those who did know believed that they were not affected by them.

The inflation will probably continue until after the 1958 elections, but whether the real answer to the problem will have been found by then is another question. What many forget in the present controversy is that inflation is a world-wide problem and that the cost of living is just as much on the front pages in France, Chile, Japan, Sweden and Great Britain as it is here.

Lo! A Child Is Born

I thought of a house where the stones seemed suddenly changed
And became instinct with hope, hope as solid as themselves,
And the atmosphere warm with that lovely heat,
The warmth of tenderness and longing souls, the smiling anxiety
That rules a house where a child is about to be born.
The walls were full of ears. All voices were lowered.
Only the mother had the right to groan and complain.

Then I thought of the whole world. Who cares for its travail
And seeks to encompass it in like loving-kindness and peace?
There is a monstrous din of the sterile who contribute nothing
To the great end in view, and the future fumbles,
A bad birth, not like the child in that gracious home
Heard in the quietness turning in its mother's womb,
A strategic mind already, seeking the best way
To present himself to life, and at last, resolved,
Springing into history quivering like a fish,
Dropping into the world like a ripe fruit in due time.

HUGH MACDIARMID

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BOOKS and the ARTS

Shattering the Atom of Personality

THE TOWER AND THE ABYSS. By Erich Kahler. George Braziller, Inc. 327 pp. $6.

David Spitz

THIS BOOK is a stunning achievement. It takes its title from that arresting passage in Pascal, where man, burning to find solid ground on which to build a tower that rises to infinity, discovers to his torment that the whole foundation cracks beneath him; the earth splits open, and he falls into the abyss. And it explores, with sensitivity and fabulous erudition, this broken world of contemporary man and the forces that disrupt and may well destroy his human identity.

By man, Kahler means man as individual and not as person. The distinction is vital, for it demarcates what is crucial to man—his coherent and indivisible unity—from what is also essential but basically external —his various functional masks. Man as *persona* is many men; he plays different roles in response to specific situations. Man as individual, on the other hand, is a compact and integral whole. To split him is to destroy him *as a human being*. But just as science has succeeded in splitting the atom, also once presumed indivisible, so forces in the modern world are fragmenting and thereby dehumanizing the individual. This process of disruption, of invalidation, is the core of Kahler's book.

Kahler traces this process of human transformation in both its external and internal aspects. Externally, it is marked by a decisive shift from communities to collectives. Communities (e.g., family, tribe, nation) derive from common origins and regard man primarily as an individual. They transmit attitudes and patterns of form and behavior that give him his identity as man. Collectives (e.g., corporations, political parties, states, voluntary associations of all kinds) exist for more limited and specific purposes and value only the person. They use only man's functional part, and this—through specialization, standardization, commercialization, and (ultimately) anonymization — grows increasingly atrophied. The result is not a man at all but a cipher, dominated by collective standards and stereotypes.

INTERNALLY, the dehumanization of man is achieved by a split in human consciousness itself. Partly as a consequence of the outer situation, partly in opposition to it, man's consciousness is detached from the events about him. He sees and responds to things impersonally. Like the athlete in quest of a record, he performs for the sake of performing. He is no longer governed by inner values. The result is a new insensibility, even callousness. But at the same time the violent contrasts and discontinuities, the seeming incoherence, in his everyday world—so dramatically illustrated in modern art, poetry, the novel—give rise to a new sensibility, a new consciousness or perception of levels of reality heretofore hidden from him because of his subjective attitude. This new *observational* sensibility, in combination with psychoanalysis and the existentialist experience, has broken through the underlying texture of human existence; it has disrupted and is sweeping away the very foundations of the human personality.

The result is a shattering of the human community and of human values. Relatively autonomous and ever more powerful collectives, because they overemphasize the functional part of man, neglect or suppress communication between the human, individual centers in man. In fact, they create a further split—between human responsibility and functional responsibility. Morality is no longer viewed as responsibility to the entire human community but as responsibility to a particular collective. And since, in Kahler's view, no human community can maintain itself without true morality in this purely human sense, the consequence is not just a devaluation of specific values, but a dwindling of the faculty of valuation as such. It is *a devaluation of valuation*. This is the final collapse, the ultimate tragedy, of modern man.

WHAT can be done to counteract this powerful trend toward the disruption and invalidation of the individual? Kahler is too honest and courageous a thinker to dissemble. The answer is, very little. He finds this trend so overwhelming, indeed, that he is induced to see in it a true mutation, a transformation of human nature. We are already engaged, in his view, in a form of life in which the group and not the person is the decisive factor, in which the collective and not the individual is the standard unit. The situation cannot be reversed. Only *possibly* can it be transcended. How? Only by rescuing the human quality in man, only by re-establishing, on a higher level, a true human community, one in which people relate to each other again as human beings. Kahler admits that this is utopian, but he reminds us that any proposition is utopian when it has not yet become a reality.

And he sets forth certain minimum conditions that must be met if we are to achieve what he calls a controlled consciousness and conscious self-control of the whole human community. These conditions include: a restoration of learning, so as to achieve integration and orientation in the vast wilderness of factuality; the creation of a firmly established world government and of democratic socialism, the latter of momentous importance if we are to control the second industrial rev-

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DAVID SPITZ is associate professor of political science at Ohio State University and the author of Patterns of Anti-Democratic Thought. *His forthcoming book is* Democracy and the Challenge of Power.

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olution—automation; and the furthering of such movements as Marcel Barbu's communitarianism. But, whatever the specific reform, central to Kahler's thought is the moral problem: how to achieve moral integration? how to elicit human responsibility? Unless this is brought about, unless somehow we reach *wholeness* again in the consciously restored community, the individual will no longer rule. He will serve, and his service will be in an alien cause imposed on him from without. It will further no human aim which is implicitly his own.

NO review can hope to capture the subtle and intricate reasoning, the richness of detail, the careful refinements and necessary qualifications, with which Kahler executes his huge canvas. It would, therefore, be unfair to enter a series of strictures at this point. Nevertheless, one question should be raised. Kahler is too careful a historian to present the individual and the person, or the community and the collective, as historically (i.e., chronologically or actually) distinct types. He rather advances them as ideal-types, and builds his case on what he contends is a change of emphasis, a shift of predominance. But what I think he minimizes in part is the necessary interrelatedness of the two, and the very important role played by the collective in freeing the individual of servility to the community. Every community, no matter how "decent," seeks to preserve its identity, and crucial to this venture is the required allegiance and conformity of its members. What the collective may do, consequently, is to open a path of refuge. It may enable the non-conformist to join with others of his kind, at least in the pursuit of certain limited ends. For the values inherent in this purpose, it may well be that what is needed is not a shift from collective to community but a re-ordering of social institutions so as to produce a new and more valuable equilibrium.

Despite this and like criticisms, *The Tower and the Abyss*, along with Kahler's earlier and even more monumental work, *Man the Measure*, stamps its author as one of the intellectual giants of our time.

The Sea of Hazard

GREEN WITH BEASTS. By W. S. Merwin. Alfred A. Knopf. 85 pp. $3.50.

M. L. Rosenthal

THE MAJOR—almost the whole—tendency of modern poetry has been to close in on the terror of truth: truth as ultimate meaninglessness, empty fatality, death, *nada*. What Mallarmé wrote a good many years ago remains the central "problem": "One throw of the dice will never abolish hazard itself." One insight, one thought, one system, and even the ultimate encompassment of great art will never do away with the continuous, all-eroding wash of that impersonal reality which forever challenges and forever defeats human creativity.

After the passion and the agony of the older poetic masters of this century, it is a deep pleasure to see a young poet of thirty going at this inescapable theme in a new way. Quietly, very quietly, without argument, W. S. Merwin takes it up as *the* condition of existence. In his poems we close in on panic so gently and unexpectedly, out of an almost dazed calm, that we hardly realize we are there and *have* been there all the time:

> Sea-shimmer, faint haze, and far out a bird
> Dipping for flies or fish. Then, when over
> That wide silk suddenly the shadow
> Spread skating, who turned with a shiver
> High in the rocks? And knew, then only, the waves'
> Layering patience: how they would follow after,
> After, dogged as sleep, to his inland
> Dreams, oh beyond the one lamb that cried
> In the olives, past the pines' derision. And heard
> Behind him not the sea's gaiety but its laughter.

Yet this is a kind of audacity—to take this grand old archetypal symbol of the sea and use it in this way: plainly, simply, without the rhetoric and dramatics which even Williams' "The Yachts" and Eliot's "Marina" and "The Dry Salvages" (and Mann's most poetic moment, at the end of *Death in Venice*) have attached to it. Like Hart Crane, Merwin is obsessed by the sea's ambiguous seductiveness and by the shapes and dangers it conceals and reveals. But he is writing on another plane; he does not hug the terror so tightly, his images do not have the same frozen brilliance, and his relation to the sea is more literal and familiar. Where Crane's emphasis is on the tragic gap between the dream of absolute triumph over the nature of things and the foreboding of absolute defeat, Merwin is altogether humbler and more yielding—in style and rhythm as in frame of thought. The recurrent hero of twentieth-century literature, that voyager whom Spender has called the "heroic sensibility," becomes the entranced man in a boat, lost at sea yet as "found" as fatality will permit anyone to be. He "knows sailing," but that knowledge can protect him for only just so long. His predicament is best projected in "The Shipwreck." Merwin's picture of the doomed sailors' physical situation and their feelings is concrete and moving; his ending, however, is characteristically flattened out, even bland:

> And to some it seemed that the waves
> Grew gentle, spared them, while they died of that knowledge.

He is talking about their innate "knowledge" of sailing, which includes the knowledge of fatality itself. Always before they had "coiled it down," suppressed it from consciousness. Now, though their literal death floods in from the outside, they feel what had always been "bursting slowly inside them." So it seems to them that this innate knowledge is what pushes them into death.

PERHAPS (it is too early to tell) this almost quietistic handling of terror will ultimately prove to be related to some inhibition of psychic energy in Merwin's imaginative make-up. I have compared him with Crane, and certainly his work seems to lack not only Crane's dazzling violence but, what is quite another matter, his *capacity* for it. Nevertheless, I should not like to leave the impression that Merwin is more abstract or passive than he really is, or that he is less intense. In fact, he is wonderfully adept at evoking just the precise psychological character of certain modes of experience. And his originality does mainly consist in the way he has excised heroics from the awareness of bleakness. Sailing with him, we find ourselves alive to all the uncertainties of position and direction that fog or unexpected nearness to a buoy or the sudden "actual" glimpse of a sea-serpent can really cause. The symbolism

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is implicit in the situation itself, and I think it has grown upon Merwin as gradually and imperceptibly as it did upon Melville.

THE quality of symbolic awareness, if not the literal imagery, carries over into the poems that stay ashore. There is the same closing-in process, for instance, in one of Merwin's most haunting pieces: "Thorn Leaves in March." Here a free adaptation of *terza rima* deepens the feeling cumulatively, echoing Dante's tragic tone as from a great distance—a faintest reminder of suffering and mortality in the midst of spring:

> At the hill's edge, by the blue flooding
> Of the arc-lamps, and the moon's suffused presence
> The first leaves budding pale on the thorn trees,
> Uncurling with that crass light coming through them. . . .

From this "ghostly" sight we are carried into an ever more acute consciousness of all the mysterious and "hazardous" questions of birth, death and time attendant upon this moment of acute awareness, a moment caught with the most delicately sentient accuracy—as so many of Merwin's focal moments *are* caught. "In the Heart of Europe," which achieves a related success, is a momentary gesture of tribute to those peasant peoples who have a tradition of feeling themselves at home denied to the protagonist and his spiritual contemporaries. So also, the love poem "Her Wisdom" presents a woman of unusually sensitive perceptions whose voyaging, as it were, can by the very nature of her identification with the sufferings of others take place only in pain—a motif linked with that of the sea poems.

The longer poems here seem to me on the whole the least successful. Mostly they are attempts to gain wider intellectual scope by pursuing religious themes and expanding Biblical dramatic situations. One sign of their unsureness is Merwin's inability quite to escape the idioms and rhythms of the *Four Quartets*; another is his almost compulsive over-elaboration in some of them. They are interesting and competent but, with the exception of "Leviathan" (which after all permits him to remain at home—that is to say, at sea), they do not have the authority of the shorter pieces. We should probably, though, regard them mainly as evidences of the poet's restless refusal to content himself with one kind of success. His earlier books contained evidences of a similar nature, and I have no doubt that these "larger" experiments are but markers on the way to some new advance in sensibility and method.

[Green With Beasts, *published in an edition of only a few hundred copies, is already out of print; booksellers may still have copies.*]

LETTER from ROME

William Weaver

THE ATLANTIC OCEAN often has a curious effect on writers' reputations. American critics, coming to Europe, are surprised at the importance intellectuals here have assigned to some of our writers, a tradition of overpraising that goes from Baudelaire's ecstasy over Poe to Gide's championing of Dashiell Hammett. At the same time, Europeans are stunned by the success that certain minor writers enjoy in the United States. The phenomenal triumph of Guareschi's *Don Camillo* in America has forced many an Italian intellectual to the conclusion that American readers are a little weak in the head. And the same intellectuals lament bitterly the fact that a number of Italy's best writers (the late Cesare Pavese is the prime example) are unknown even to the most cultivated Americans. The fact is that, like certain wines, certain writers do not "travel"; some of them write from a point of view too foreign for American consumption, while others are almost untranslatable. Ironically enough, there are also writers who improve in translation; an example that immediately comes to mind is William Saroyan, who has had a great popularity in Italy in the excellent Italian versions by Elio Vittorini.

A few weeks ago, in the midst of Rome's worst hot spell in years, the city's intellectual élite—with a generous sprinkling of Florentine and Milanese visitors—gathered in the garden of the Villa di Papa Giulio, one of the capital's most enchanting Renaissance buildings, which now houses the Etruscan museum. There, among fountains and statues, with an orchestra for dancing, the annual "Premio Strega" was awarded to Elsa Morante, whose strange and pas-

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sionate novel *L'Isola di Arturo* (*Arturo's Island*) was published here earlier in the spring.

This is the second novel published by Signora Morante (in private life she is married to Alberto Moravia); her first, *Menzogna e sortilegio,* came out in America under the title *House of Liars.* To the author's dismay, the American edition was awkwardly cut; in spite of authoritative praise by authoritative reviewers it did not make a great impression on the general public, though even a superficial reader could see that he was in the presence of a startling talent.

In Italy, where critics like nothing better than making categories and tracing schools, Elsa Morante defies classification and firmly treads her private path. A slow and painstaking worker (she discards almost as much as she publishes), with her two novels, both of them long and complex stories, she has established herself in the front rank of Italian writers, though she is still hardly more than a name outside of this country.

L'Isola di Arturo is the story of a lonely, imaginative boy's growing up on an island in the bay of Naples. This one-sentence summary, however, gives a completely mistaken impression of the book; Arturo is not one of those sensitive children adored by lady writers and lady readers. He is a boy obsessed by love—first of his mysterious, evasive father (a man with tortured loves of his own); then of his simple, Madonna-like young step-mother. Finally his torment drives him to abandon the island—his youth—for the mainland and the calmer trials of maturity. The story lives in its wild chiaroscuro, the unexpected mixture of poetry and sensuality in the child, of innocence and wisdom in the step-mother, of meanness and tragedy in the father—all against a landscape that is epic and lyrical at the same time. Signora Morante's style is highly personal (and for this second book she occasionally adopts Neapolitan turns of phrase with telling effect), but reading her prose, one can guess her favorite writers, a mixed company that must include Stendhal, Rimbaud, Proust and perhaps Emily Bronte.

IF Elsa Morante has not yet been properly appreciated in the United States, Alberto Moravia has suffered a fate almost worse: that of being appreciated for the wrong reasons. With a snappy dust-jacket, advertised as a sex novel, his *La Romana* (The Woman of Rome) sold like wildfire in American book stores, but few of its readers—and few of its reviewers—saw that, instead of being simply the well-told story of a prostitute with a kind heart, it was the blazing private history of a society so corrupt that the most honest, the most sensitive and the most human person in it was a streetwalker. At the same time, Moravia's youthful portrait of Fascist middle-class life, *Gli Indifferenti* (twice translated in America, recently as *A Time of Indifference*) failed to have the success it deserved, while his many short stories, which contain some of his most acute writing, are unknown to the thousands who gobbled up *La Romana.*

Moravia has just published a new novel, *La Ciociara* (*The Woman of Ciociaria*) and it is one of his best. The story is simple to the point of starkness: a widowed, still-young Roman shopkeeper (Cesira) and her adolescent daughter (Rosetta) flee from Rome towards the South as the Allies begin the Italian invasion. The mother and girl take refuge in the barren hills between Rome and Naples, in a section called Ciociaria, and there they manage to live, among dangers and crude and grasping peasants, through the terrible winter of 1943-44, until the Allied advance. Having survived all their varied hardships, the two women are going back to Rome when, in a lonely country church, they are raped by a band of French Moroccan soldiers. To Cesira—a typical Moravia heroine—the rape is, like every misfortune, something to be borne, overcome and forgotten. But to Rosetta, a girl who had lived until then in innocence, it is the negation of everything; she becomes hard and, to her mother's horror, a nymphomaniac. At last, they get back to Rome and the novel ends.

Beneath the linear simplicity of this story there lies an indirect, profound, scorching condemnation of war—not in the usual terms of bloodshed and destruction—but of war as the destroyer of the spirit, even of spirits as stout as Cesira's and as pure as Rosetta's. The picture of the peasants, ruined by the advance of the troops, driven to every kind of baseness, is drawn in severe lines by Moravia's fierce morality and stern sense of honesty. There is nothing sentimental about the book, but it is perhaps more moving than anything he has written.

If Saroyan has benefited in Italy by excellent translation, an Italian writer who has had analogous good fortune abroad is Ignazio Silone, who in Italy is highly esteemed as a public figure, a courageous anti-Fascist and a probing political thinker—but without being considered much of a novelist. His recent novel, *Il Segreto di Luca* (*Luca's Secret*) cannot be considered a success, even by those who admire his earlier work; but it is interesting because in it, his faults and virtues are more clearly exposed than in some of his more ambitious novels. Silone can always draw two fairly simple characters effectively: the old, kindly priest, not interested in politics but profoundly human and tolerant; and the younger Socialist politician, not quite so humane, but stiffly upright and capable of strong feelings. Both these characters recur in the new book, with the addition of the somewhat shadowy Luca, a man in his sixties, freed from prison after forty years of unjust confinement because, in his trial, he refused to reveal a secret: where he had spent the night of the crime. At the end of the book, the secret is out—the story of an unfulfilled love—but the novel seems slight and inconclusive. Silone's rough, laconic, over-simple style has never pleased Italian readers; and here it sometimes reaches childishness. But in the hands of a skillful translator, it becomes spare and effective (though one suspects that even the best translator cannot give substance to this thin story).

SILONE'S foreign success came largely during the war, when his was the only voice of anti-Fascist Italy; he is, therefore, a writer of considerable historical importance. After the war, Carlo Levi's excellent report, *Christ Stopped at Eboli,* was brought out (in a splendid translation) at just about the time the first post-war Rossellini and DeSica films were making Americans take notice. There was talk of an Italian "renaissance." Actually—with the possible exception of those films—the renaissance was a mistaken impression. Good writers—Moravia among them—had managed to write and publish all along (though, as an ardent anti-Fascist, Moravia suffered many obstacles in his career); and other, younger, good writers like Elsa Morante, were developing. Still others are appearing now: a few weeks ago the twentieth issue of the mammoth review *Botteghe Oscure* appeared with the first chapter of a novel called *Gli Eredi* (*The Heirs*) by P. M. Pasinetti. This opening chapter, the description of a Venetian family and the death of a formidable grandmother, suffices to make it clear that an authentic new talent is started on its way. Good writing is a continuing tradition in Italy; it is, unfortunately, American publishing that lacks the continuity and enterprise to appreciate it.

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MUSIC

Lester Trimble

THE directors of the Empire State Music Festival at Ellenville, New York, took a dangerous fling recently when they allowed the vitriolic sentiments of Richard Strauss's *Elektra* to ring forth in their mountainside music-tent. Audiences progressively dwindled on each of the three nights that the opera ran. Apparently the combined attractions of conductor Laszlo Halasz (who has been absent from the American scene for almost five years); the Symphony of the Air; and the young American soprano, Virginia Copeland (making her first appearance in the title role), were insufficient to offset public fright or disinterest regarding the opera. It was a pity, for *Elektra* is a masterpiece, and the performance, while not flawless, was on a high level of excellence.

The title role in *Elektra* is one of the most demanding in operatic literature. Hofmannsthal, Strauss's librettist, focused attention upon the character by having her on stage almost every one of the opera's ninety minutes. Strauss, for his part, gave her fiendishly difficult music to sing and then ranged against her an orchestral accompaniment that could drown out the sound of Niagara Falls. With due respect to the Festival tent's remarkable acoustical qualities, it was to Miss Copeland's credit that she could be heard at all. That she sang so fluently, with such warmth and beauty of tone was proof of the development she has made since her New York appearances in Menotti's *Saint of Bleeker Street.*

From a dramatic point of view, Elisabeth Hongen, of the Vienna State Opera, set the tone of the production with her portrayal of Klytemnestra. Her feeling for the opera's contorted, Medieval-Germanic stage postures was innate and deeply convincing. Miss Copeland, on the other hand, being young and native to a non-Germanic culture, had not completely assimilated this style of stage behavior. Her writhings carried with them an air of nervousness and "taught-by-rote." If she continues singing *Elektra,* she will certainly have to perfect the visual aspect of her characterization. But, for the moment, the mercurial quality of her singing provided a considerable compensation.

Among the shorter roles—all splendidly sung—were those of Ellen Faull (Crysothemis) and Marcello Di Giovanni (Aegisthus). Michael Bondon, who portrayed Orestes, did not inject much personal dynamism into his brief, climactic appearance on stage. But his singing, like that of the other principals, was consistently rich and secure.

AT THE Berkshire Festival in Tanglewood a few days later, the Boston Symphony presented a weekend of orchestral music devoted to Tchaikovsky and Igor Stravinsky. Tchaikovsky was represented by his Fifth and Sixth (Pathétique) Symphonies; the Romeo and Juliet Overture; the Violin Concerto; and the Variations on a Rococo Theme for Cello and Orchestra. Isaac Stern and Samuel Mayes were soloists, respectively, in the Concerto and in the Variations.

Three works by Stravinsky were programmed: his *Jeu de Cartes, Le Sacre du Printemps,* and the *Canticum*

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Since Pierre Monteux presided on the podium when the first, riot-inspiring performance of *Le Sacre* took place in 1913, it was fitting that he should conduct this later playing in honor of the composer's seventy-fifth anniversary. And if anyone expected a flagging of energy to be apparent in either *Le Sacre* or in Monteux (who is seven years Stravinsky's senior) he was sadly misguided. Both struck sparks. *Le Sacre* seemed an even more sybaritic piece than I had remembered it to be. And Monteux, with his simple, unbombastic baton technique, showed himself to be a man who comprehends such phenomena; who can take them in hand with the eagerness of a youth and leaven them with the sagacity of age.

OF THE performance itself, I affirm that it was remarkable. The Boston orchestra, which has always a fine sense of cultural unanimity, offered its obedience like a friendly lap-dog, allowing itself to be controlled to the smallest nuance, so that quiet portions of the score hummed with pagan mysticism, while the orgiastic passages filled the air with fury, and yet did not split the eardrums. Indeed, Monteux has a way of drawing every ounce of sound from an orchestra without forcing or sharp-edging the tone. How he does this is his own secret, but I wish he would divulge it to some other conductors. His approach to Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony bespoke the same ability to keep a work within a rational (though not unemotional) framework while taming the brass and percussion section's latent explosiveness. I have not heard the Fifth put forth with such a morning-fresh sound in years. It was a distinct relief from all the syrup and braying that generally pass for Tchaikovsky.

The *Canticum Sacrum, ad Honorem Sancti Marci Nominis,* a seventeen-minute religious, choral work, was composed by Stravinsky in 1955 and premiered at the Venice Festival in the following year. Like many of Stravinsky's compositions, it falls disconcertingly upon the ear at first hearing. It is a cold, chiseled kind of music, seemingly devoid of even the restrained passion of the early church cantillations it occasionally invokes. Whether the work will warm up on further hearing is difficult to say. I suspect it will not.

Charles Munch, the small portion of the Boston Symphony required by the *Canticum,* the Festival Chorus (prepared by Hugh Ross), and the soloists, John McCollum and Donald Gramm, gave the work what seemed to be an exemplary performance. By limiting his instrumentation to woodwinds, brasses, harp, organ, violas and double-basses, Stravinsky set himself an instrumental framework not dissimilar from that of his *Symphony of Psalms.* But no two works could be more opposite in effect. Where the *Symphony* is warm and pulsating with energy, the *Canticum* is icy and reserved, its five minuscule sections giving an impression of brevity without compression.

The fact that Stravinsky has in these latter years hied over to the 12-tone system has both confounded his enemies and confused his friends. The *Canticum* is a product of this orientation. Discussions of it invariably abound in technical verbiage about tone-rows, retrograde movement, etc. But these do not solve the enigma of the composer's present aesthetic, nor tell us whether it has, indeed, changed. Throughout most of his career, Stravinsky has devoted himself to a search for utter objectivity. Perhaps he has merely drawn closer to this ideal. Perhaps he has even attained it. If there are subjective values in the *Canticum,* they do not reveal themselves easily.

FILMS

Robert Hatch

THE SCRIPT of *A Hatful of Rain* has come over almost intact from Broadway to the screen. Michael Gazzo, its author, and Alfred Hayes have "spread" it a little, padding out the essential action with supplementary scenes that were originally implied in the dialogue. These add nothing, but technically they are necessary to keep the picture from being no more than a recorded play. As always when a play is well-constructed, the additional material dilutes the dramatic action; *A Hatful of Rain* is a good deal more "bearable" on the screen than it was on the stage.

On balance, however, Mr. Gazzo's work has gained in its translation, and this for the unusual reason that the movie is better cast and better directed (by Fred Zimmermann) than was the original. The play was used as a gymnasium for Ben Gazzara; and Fred Corsaro, its director, apparently cheered him on to new extremes of alternating catalepsy and athletic hysteria. This isolated Johnny Pope, the dope-addicted war hero, from the rest of the cast—a serious fault in a play, whatever merit it may have as psychological observation. Gazzara's violent behavior also made it difficult to believe that his desperate wife would not see that more was troubling her husband than temporary unemployment or a roving libido. Particularly when the wife was played by Shelley Winters, who is quite incapable of seeming slow-witted or unworldly.

With Mr. Zimmermann directing, Don Murray plays a Johnny Pope under much greater control. He is obviously in torment, but he is still communicating with the people around him, and his behavior does not cry out quite so obviously for the straitjacket. And Eva Marie Saint can play the decent but rather colorless working-wife who might be baffled for quite a while before she thought of anything so extreme as cocaine. The picture is less intense —I will admit that it is less brilliant—

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but a boat is called a *kayak.*

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seems clumsy
when you have been accustomed to
an American canoe
that glides so easily
(and can just as easily
overturn
if you do not hold your bow and stern
firmly in mind and
separate.
You must know where your place is
and keep it wholly
do not try to shift
and remember to trail your paddle
clearly to one side—
left or right—don't dabble.)

In a *kayak*
you sit anywhere you like
and always dip with
a double paddle
neither side is the head
either side is the head
since both pull with equal weight
and you grasp in the center:

kayak, a most peculiar word
that you can spell
from either end
and come out
even.

EVE MERRIAM

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than the play, but it moved me more. I was upset by the agonies of a nice boy and his well-meaning, obtuse family, rather than overpowered by the histrionics of an incandescent performer.

As for its daring—*A Hatful of Rain* is that only because Hollywood still assumes that dope is inherently a daring subject. The picture, like the play, has no villain (the hepcat peddlers are only an instrument); Johnny is an addict by accident—at most by stupidity—and his plight has little in common with what is now called "the dope problem."

A daring discussion of dope would have to dig a little deeper into cause and effect; it would have to suggest, perhaps, that the law is what perpetuates the problem and that the solution will not come from treating addicts as criminals. But Mr. Gazzo was not writing a social documentary, nor yet a problem play; he was writing a topical melodrama. And these days Hollywood writes almost nothing for itself.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago James Stewart made a name for himself among the East Coast undergraduates and debutantes by playing an accordian in the annual musical show of the Princeton Triangle Club. I hadn't seen him touch the instrument again until he showed up as the wronged hero of *Night Passage*. He still has a nice boyish touch, and in fact it is a miracle how little the years have affected his nice boyish personality. Altogether, this is a fine youthful picture spread in wide-screen technicolor across miles and miles of the mountainous West. It has lots of horses but no cows, this being the story of how a disgraced railroad cop redeems himself by wiping out the robber gang that waylays the work train every payday. Instead of cows it offers sibling rivalry—one of the bad men is the cop's younger brother—and is thus psychologically up to date. Audie Murphy plays the rebel from big-brother authority in a parody of the gentle, deadly highwayman that is funnier than he knows.

But except for cattle most of the traditional ingredients are here: the chase, the barroom melée, the acrobatic horsemanship, the quick draw, the beleaguered maiden, the triumph of virtue and the hope that the outlaws will come back to play another day. No wonder television has stolen the Western; it has always been the screen's richest possession.

TELEVISION

Anne W. Langman

TV HAS hit a new low this summer. Third-rate films, tired panel shows and endless re-runs follow one another in a parade of apathy from which the viewer is rescued only occasionally by a good ball game or an interview with Khrushchev, Tito or Nehru. In this desert, a green oasis is WGBH-TV, a station in Boston devoted to "entertainment of the mind." Harvard's President Pusey describes its programming as "designed for the delight and enjoyment of adult civilized people with intelligence." WGBH is the only non-commercial educational station on the Eastern seaboard. Viewers in reach of its signal can tune in on *The Science Reporter*, where M.I.T. experts discuss new developments, hear some excellent live concerts, listen to the book reviews of *I've Been Reading*, the news, editorial comments and interviews of Louis M. Lyons, curator of Nieman Fellowships. The worst that the vacation season has brought to this station is an extended use of filmed shows from the Educational Television and Radio Center; but such series as *Heritage* with poet Robert Frost and others discussing their own works and lives, or Frank Baxter's *The Written Word*, which traces the history of writing, are hardly dull viewing.

WGBH-TV has little in common with the fast-paced entertainment, escapist drama, slick patter of the chic people on commercial channels. It does not take you away from your living room. Rather it brings a guest to sit and talk with you. Invariably, the guest has something to say. Whether he is successful or not depends on your interest and his presentation. They are bound together, of course, and one stimulates the other until they become indistinguishable. Frank Baxter, from the University of Southern California, spent an hour discussing the derivation of our alphabet. Nothing could have seemed a less persuasive substitute for the full moon and pounding surf outside on a balmy summer evening. But as he drew a quick map to illustrate, used a chart or two to tell the story of letters first traced some 4,000 years ago, explained how "E" came from a symbol, now turned upright, of a man with palms outstretched, his enthusiasm infected me. I became interested enough in the subject—to which I have never

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given a thought before—to watch the next week's installment of this intellectual cliff-hanger. However, presentation does sometimes block interest. Professor C. Vann Woodward, visiting at Brandeis for the summer session, read a lecture on *The American South* which, though undoubtedly erudite, was unbearably dull. The downcast eye, the even drone of voice, the turn of page after interminable page made it impossible to grasp what he was saying. But whether individual WGBH programs succeed or fail, this two-year-old station is fast establishing a level of communication undreamed-of on the commercial channels.

WGBH was launched ten years ago as an experiment in educational radio broadcasting (it still maintains its radio station). It is operated by the Lowell Institute through the Lowell Institute Cooperative Broadcasting Council, whose members include representatives from Harvard, M.I.T., Brandeis, the Boston Symphony and the Museum of Fine Arts, among others. The presiding officer is Ralph Lowell, Boston banker, whose ancestor, John Lowell, founded the Institute more than a century ago to provide adult education for the people of Boston. The Institute, assisted by members of the Council, meets an annual operating cost of $400,000—a sum which commercial networks frequently spend for a single spectacular. The station made national news last month when Harvard appointed two distinguished members of its faculty as Lowell Television Lecturers for 1957-58. Recently two Boston papers, the *Globe* and the *Record-American*, assumed the cost of bringing to the station the Sunday network shows, *Meet the Press*, *Camera Three*, *Face the Nation*.

SO FAR WGBH has moved ahead somewhat in the dark. Its staff does not know how many people watch, who they are or what they like. It is uncertain about goals; no ratings measure results, no products move off shelves, no personalities skyrocket to fame. "So far, we're concentrating on making friends," Lowell says. This friendship campaign has side-stepped a whole area uncultivated by commercial TV—free and frank discussion and debate on social, political or economic issues. The newly-appointed manager, Hartford Gunn, intends to make a start in this direction by tackling local community problems in a weekly program on which such subjects as toll road vs. freeway, urban renewal of South Boston, State House activities will be described and debated. Other additions, such as Richard Heffner's *The Open Mind* and *People and Business* from the Harvard Business School, are also a beginning. Because the station must not only make friends, but keep the ones it has, it has compromised in other ways. The universities are left fairly free to choose subjects and professors, many of whom are leery of being "produced." The results are too often dreary TV. Patronage must be courted and new support constantly encouraged. A filmed series on the International Geophysical Year, produced with outside funds, is one of the happier results of such tenuous operations.

"Educational" television is not a good name for WGBH-TV. Groping and hesitant though it may be, it is determined to bring the best in thought and achievement to the viewer, encompassing but not limiting itself to an educational function. "Entertainment of the mind" is a better description of its activities.

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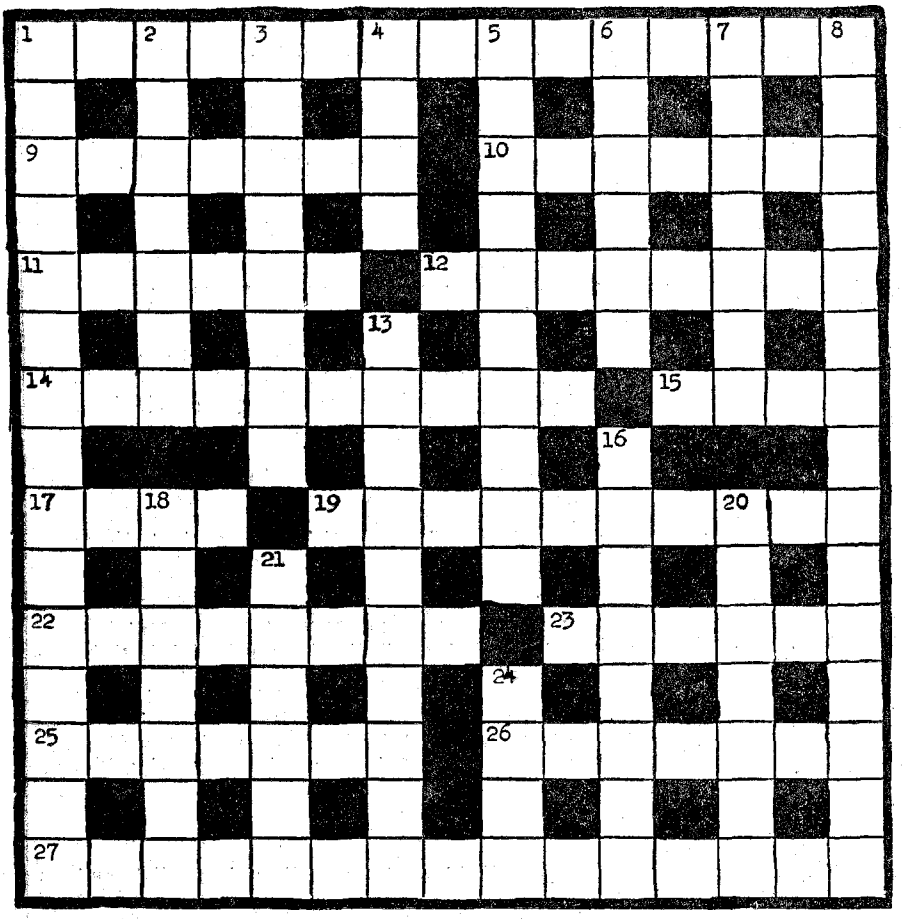

ACROSS:

1 The heads of Belgium, when little? (8, 7)
9 It might be quite an honor to kid the musicians. (7)
10 No finer spot, but not for good! (7)
11 Animals found where the country goes in two directions. (6)
12 Quite pertinent, concerning the Orient. (8)
14 The oldest ones are practically unchanged, but rather attractive. (10)
16 Not necessarily the oriental part of this town as a place for play. (4)
17 This town might be rather pleasant, too. (4)
19 One evidently has grounds to be so. (10)
22 Can votes be bought so cheaply in America? (8)
23 Cell mate, or does one correspond to a chum? (3, 3)
25 Thieves often find it easy to come by. (7)
26 There's no escape from one. (7)
27 Autobiographical? (4-11)

DOWN:

1 Such things as the Saar dispute could have gone either way. (10, 5)
2 One way to rate, but not down the strand. (7)
3 A shifting of this sand? Miles of it! (8)
4 Beach where nothing is covered. (4)
5 One couldn't say they don't care for squealers! (10)
6 Steals from those responsible for the report of 8. (6)
7 The quality of Ethelred. (7)
8 Where one might aim to win. (8, 7)
13 Top coat, hip fitting, for diners-out? (6, 4)
16 Just a wee step for the climber! (5, 3)
18 How to make ice, perhaps, but no glacé. (7)
20 One way to alter a map is to make an application of this. (7)
21 What a golfer might have to justify, if his score seems low despite one. (3, 3)
24 Singer rather keen on rising to the top. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 733

ACROSS: 1 UNSUBSTANTIAL; 10 SOLACES; 11 SKETCHY; 12 ASSERTING; 13 ENOCH; 14 DREAMS; 16 SEA-GOING; 19 REPENTED; 20 ORWELL; 22 FARGO; 23 RANCOROUS; 25 VENISON; 26 ITERATE; 27 POLYCHROMATIC; DOWN: 2 NILES; 3 UNCEREMONIOUSLY; 4 SISKIN; 5 ASSIGNED; 6 THE BEGGARS OPERA; 7 ANCHORITE; 8 ISLANDER; 9 AYAH; 15 ESPERANTO; 17 GALOSHES; 18 RETRENCH; 21 INDIGO; 22 FIVE; 24 OKAPI.

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